

Among Us Mortals Sunday Night Supper

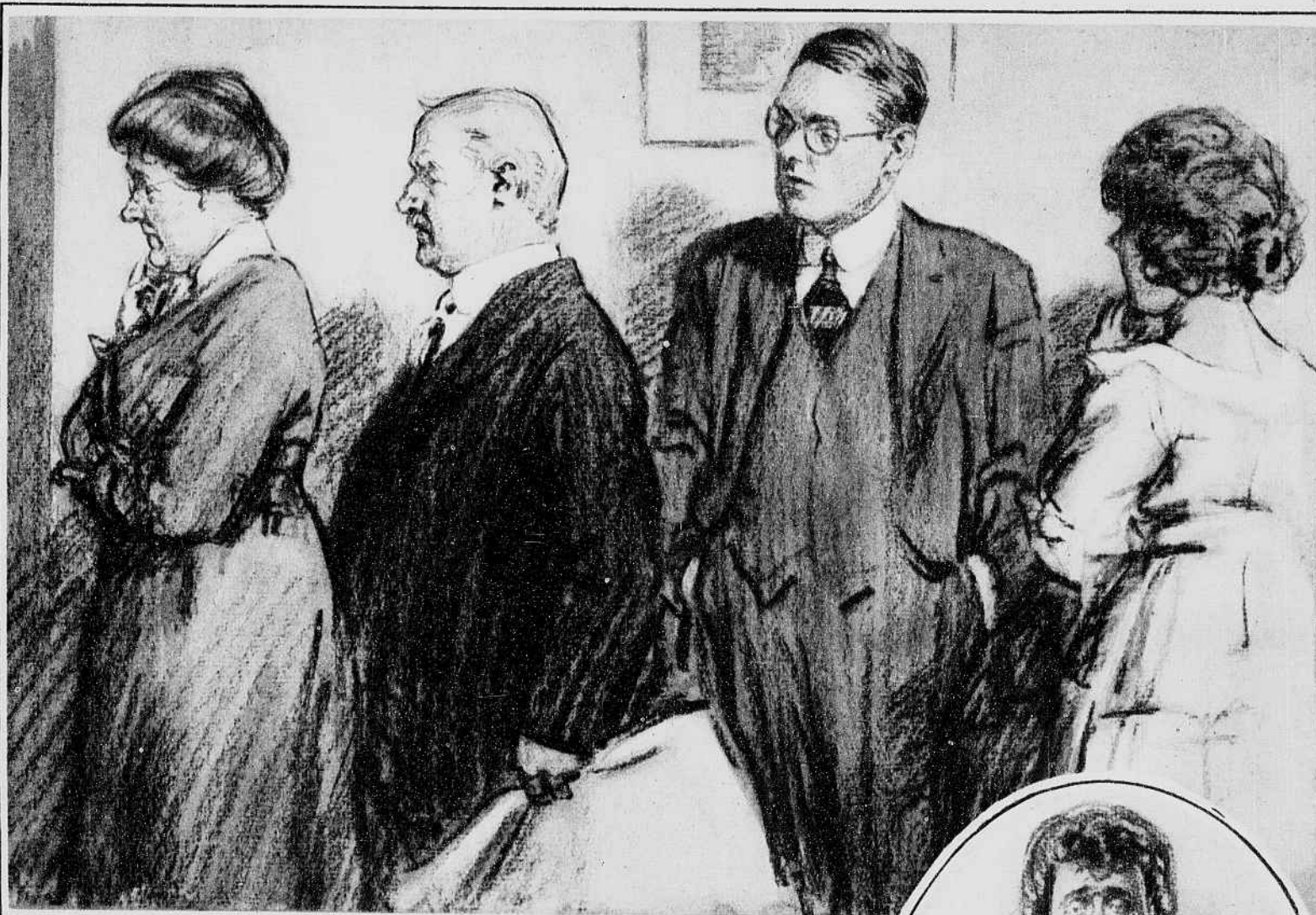
By W. E. HILL

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A city street along about 6 P. M. of a Sunday, showing several wild-eyed people hunting a delicatessen wherein to purchase a bottle of cream that should have been thought of on Saturday night, but was forgotten.

There's nothing like making guests feel at home. That's the best part of letting them help with the supper—it seems to break the ice and starts everybody talking, almost as successfully as a round of cocktails—and cocktails are no end of an expense these days. For instance, if a young man is a bit shy let him empty the pan under the icebox. You'll see how quickly his shyness will disappear after he's slopped around with the water a bit.



Left—The pile of dishes left for the maid to wash up. Helga has just come home from the regular Sunday evening meeting of the boys and girls of the Danish "Nordlyset," and she's surer than ever she doesn't like her place.

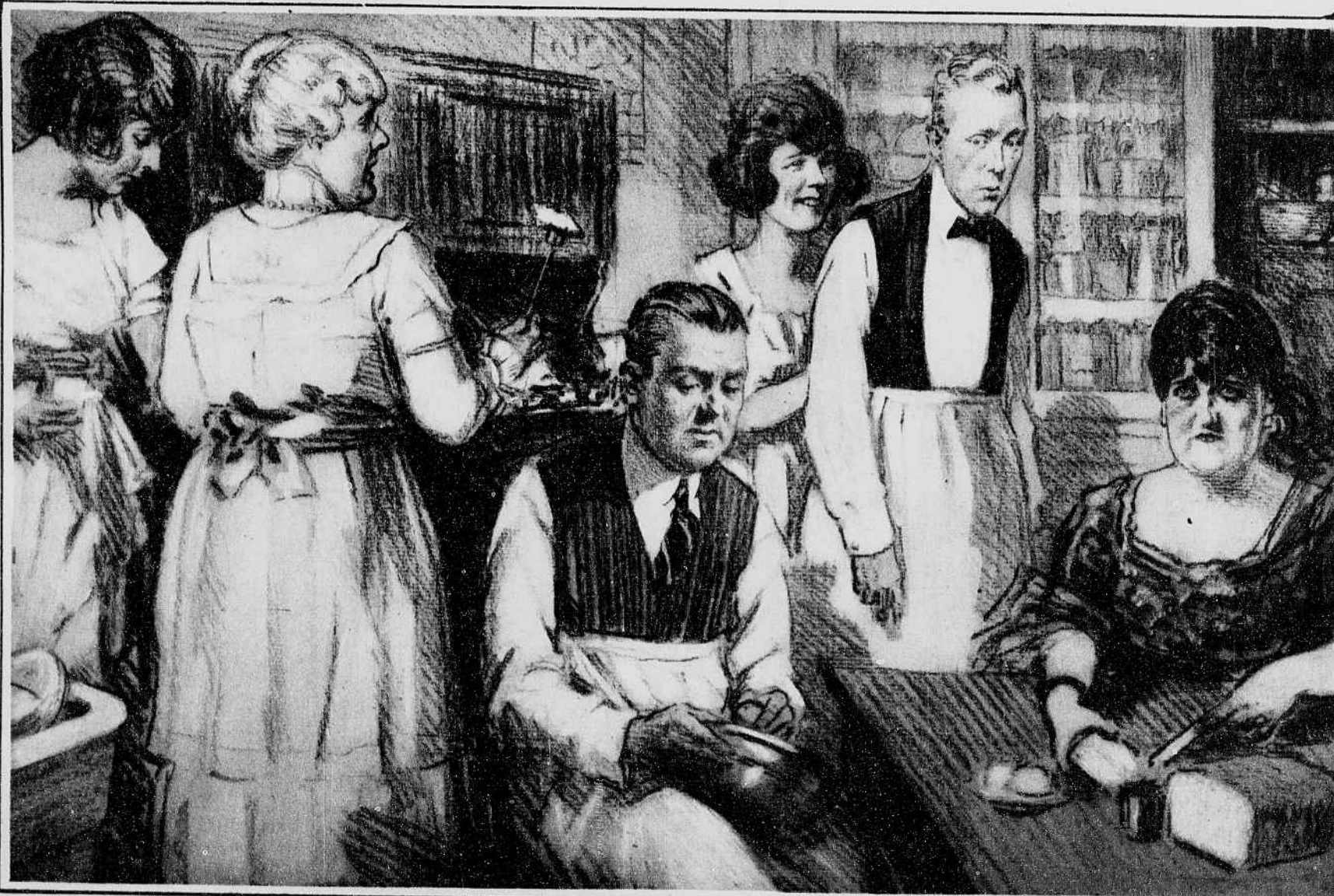
The Purdy family were counting on a foraging trip to the icebox—one of those Sunday night orgies of crackers and milk and cold fricasseed chicken, with maybe a little bread dipped in cold gravy on the side. Delia is entertaining several young men friends in the kitchen and the family are waiting till the rush is over, because, you know, you never can tell how servants will take things and Delia is touchy.



The pint bottle of elderberry home brew that has got to go around among eight people.



Aunt Josie is having the worst luck! Here it is time for the guests to arrive and, would you believe it, the mayonnaise dressing has "gone back on her."



Left—One of those delightfully informal households where the hostess lets the guests come right into the kitchen and make a lark of it. Everybody turns right in and helps get supper. Much more fun than having a lot of servants about. Around 9:30, just in case the hostess, flushed with success, may want to get every one back into the kitchen to make a lark of washing up, people begin to look at the clock and murmur something about to-morrow being Monday and having to get home in good season.



Johnny is partaking of an 8:30 "lap supper" of lettuce sandwiches, a dab of chicken salad and a ladyfinger. Johnny is not faring very well, having slept till 11:30, with breakfast at noon; that makes this his dinner.